

A  
S O N G

ON THE

CITY OF LONDON.

**O** LONDON is a dainty place,  
A great and gallant City:  
For all the streets are pav'd with Gold;  
And all the folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies  
That ride in Coach and Six;  
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,  
And talk of Politicks.

And there's your Beaux, with  
powder'd cloaths,  
Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;  
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,  
But not one Soufe within.

And there the English Actor goes  
With many a hungry Belly;  
While heaps of Gold are forc'd God wot,  
On Signior Farinelly

And there's your Dames, of dainty  
Frames,  
With Skins as white as milk;  
Dress'd every Day in Garments gay,  
Of Sattin and of Silk.